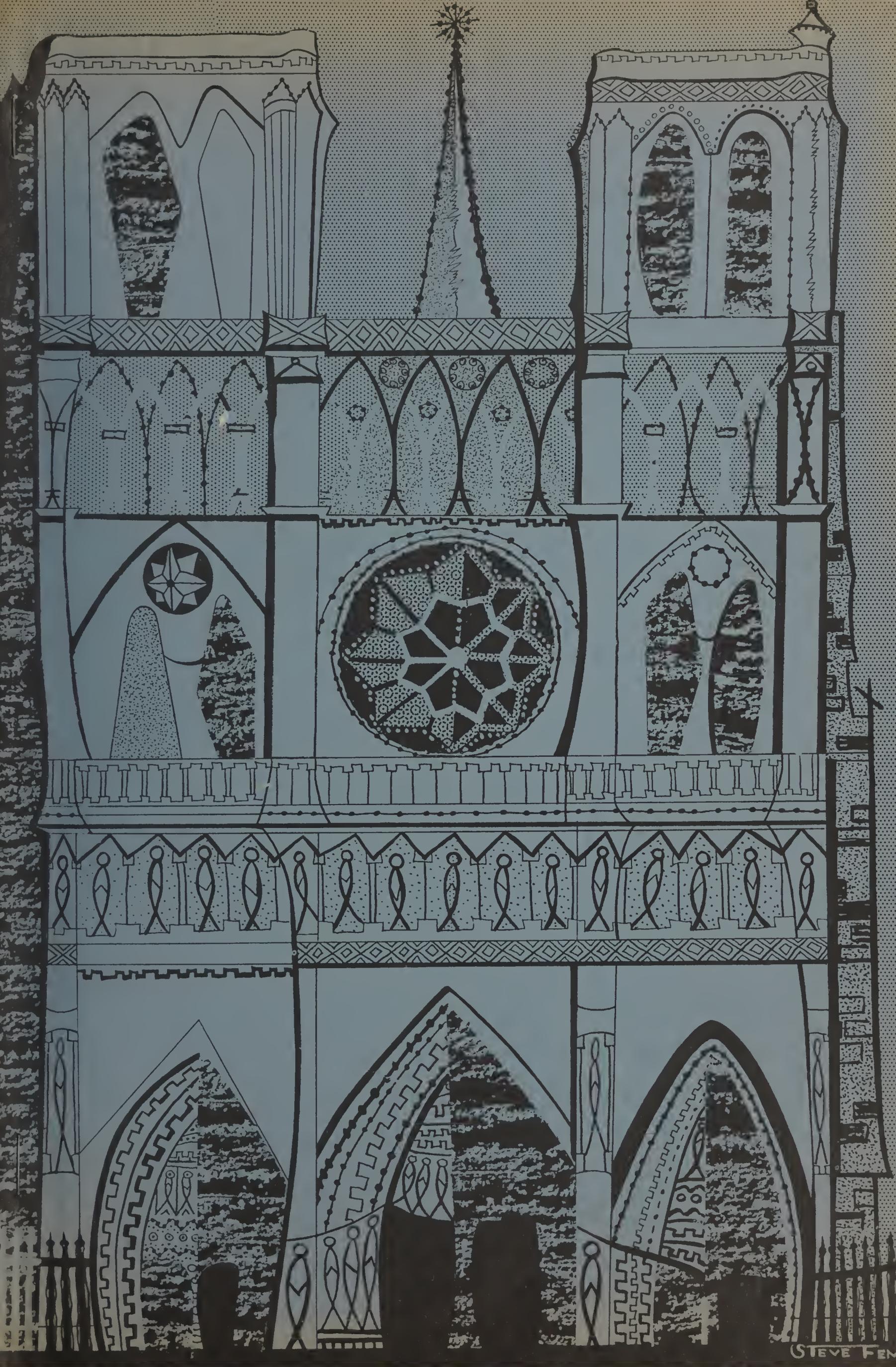
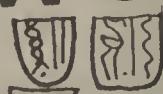


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STEVE FEMINO



THE WISEST WORDS

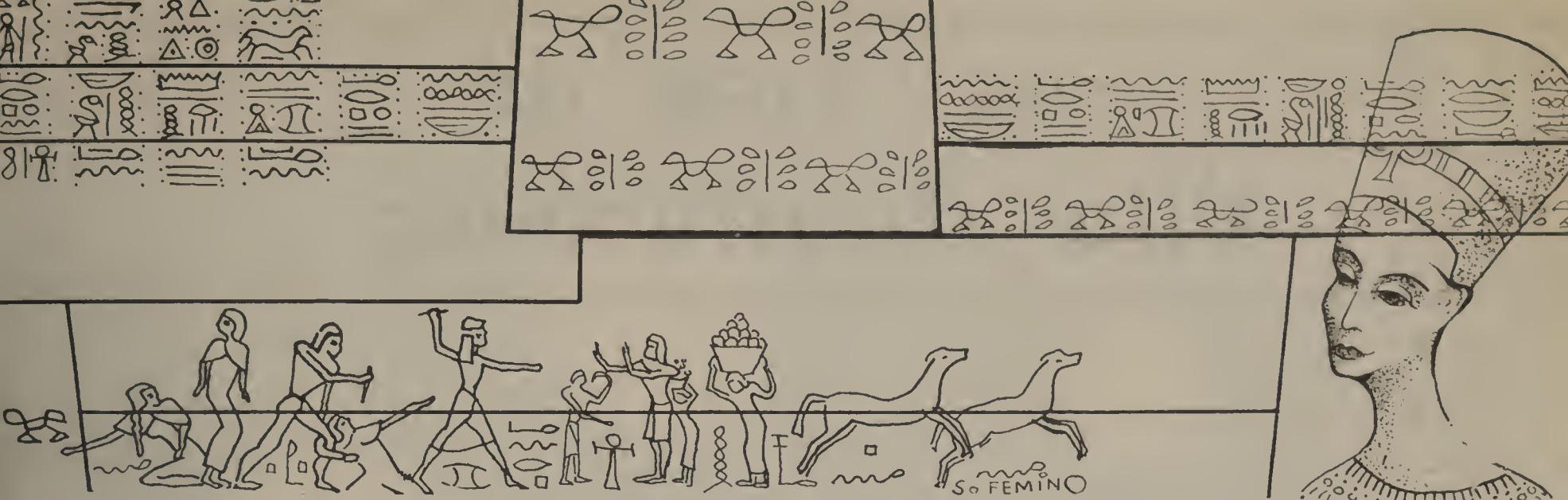


"L'Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle"- (It is love that moves the sun and the other stars). These are the world's wisest words. Dante spoke them after he had walked through hell and purgatory and was in Paradise, reaching out to the ninth and ultimate Heaven. As Dante's "Divine Comedy" was to be taken both literally and symbolically, can we not think of his journey as reflecting not alone the concept of the soul in the afterworld but too the journey of the personality in this our visible world? No one can quite escape certain spiritual tortures and mistakes, though they are not usually evil deeds. Then slowly comes the Purgatory of Life, the making peace with one's self, and after that more and more the light, the joy, the warmth, the understanding that it is Love that moves the sun and other stars (and indeed all constructive and creative achievement).

"But," you answer, "Love comes to youth, it is not an end philosophy in maturity." That love you refer to which often- not always- comes in youth is personal possessive love. This personal love, too, can be enriched on the road of life, as the individual matures and- symbolically speaking- has found more mellow fruits by the wayside, fruits of perception to give the beloved.

There is, aside from the beautiful person to person love, the even greater love for the community, college, state, country and climactically even beyond this the love for the whole world. Here love and loyalty reach out beyond the person to person relation and speak in terms of humanity. Perhaps this is a beginning of maturity- this knowledge that the great group is an object for love and loyalty. With this comes the consciousness that no one is without warmth of affection and tenderness and desire to make good.

"But," you say, "Are you not creating a world of phantasy? - open your daily paper and see the scandals, crimes, misconducts!" My answer is that the very fact that we have these misdeeds done by misfits in our society shows that these people lacked the love so needed. Are not criminals usually the ones who missed out on the security of an encouraging smile, the touch of a helpful hand, a word of uplift? These unfortunates are hardened to stone because they missed out on "l'amore che muove il sole e l'altre stelle." A plant does not live without the warmth of sunshine. We need it desperately. I think that education- quite apart from its function of giving information- must point out the need for this universal warmth, this love. And it does. This is one reason why every year in one's life is better than the year before. You ask "Why?" Because as you find greater wisdom by direct and indirect channels of education, through studying, travelling, working, playing- all this has to do with people. You find there was, there is, there



always will be an ultimate need for that which we call love, harmony, loyalty. The richer you grow in wisdom the clearer this is to you. Because this continually grows clearer, therefore life continually grows better, more meaningful. This "many-splendored thing" you realize can be bestowed by you. It is easy to give, and yet it is so precious. This warmth of life, this bond, cements lovers, families, communities, states, countries, the world.

"But," you say, "it does not! Do we not have race riots, strikes, gangsters, civil uprisings and out and out world wars?" May I answer that a great wall has to have all parts cemented or it will fall. Can we not build this wall of love and loyalty to block out evil?

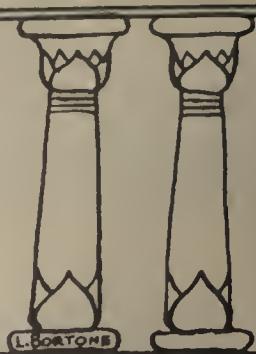
"But," you say, "what I do is of no avail." Actually it is. Each act of cementing loyalties is a contribution to the world.

"But," you say again, "see the world now, the wars, the evil it has." May I answer! - No spring has the robin failed to come or the apple blossoms, no summer left out its fragrant stacks of hay, there was no autumn without the flame of the maple tree, no winter without its clear cold starry night, and then comes the next spring with its early messengers of pussy willows and it occurs again, again, again.

"But," you say, "it is Man we are discussing." The signs of seasons are symbols to man. As we mature we appreciate them increasingly. These symbols of a world of law and order and delight are presented to us to react to. There will be harmony among peoples and nations, nations will be united for the good of mankind. War will be abolished- then man will play and sing, write and paint, act and create and will recreate the spirit of harmony. Love will be contagious. The great world of industry, trade, diplomacy will be guided by those who understand human relations. These leaders will know that it is Love that moves the sun and the other stars - "L'Amore che muove il sole e l'altre stelle."

Ella Münsterberg

THE LIFE OF Ella Munsterberg



Miss Munsterberg's life has been rich with dedication, love, and meaning. We all have felt these things in the warmth of her wit and humor--in the gracious hospitality of her home, and most of all, in the classroom, where her very essence pervades the history she unfolds before our eyes--living and real. We cannot but wonder what sort of a life this unusual woman led, and lives, and how it contributes to her character.

Ella Munsterberg was born in Freiburg, Germany, and came to this country at the age of one and a half years. Her father, Hugo Munsterberg, a professor at Harvard, was a scholar and philosopher in the true sense of the word. Miss Munsterberg entered the Cambridge School for Girls to prepare for Radcliffe. After fulfilling the required studies there, she entered Radcliffe, and, upon the completion of her freshman year, switched to the Museum School of Art. Still fond of college studies, she took special courses at both Radcliffe and the art school for the following two years. She also studied at the School of Practical Arts for a brief interlude, and did some work in the commercial art field.

A few drawing lessons which she gave to the gifted child of a friend ignited the spark for teaching, which was to be her career. She applied for a position with the state, and consequently became a supervisor first in Ashland, then in Littleton, Hopkinton and Falmouth. At this time, reports of her lectures on the history of art reached the director of Mass. Art, who, upon meeting her, invited Miss Munsterberg to teach the history of art here. She was officially appointed to the position on September fifteenth, nineteen twenty-four.

Her lectures show her thorough knowledge of the continents. It is known that Miss Munsterberg has crossed the ocean thirty-six times. She was the first to paint the objects of the Tutankamen collection, in the Cairo Museum, Egypt. Frequently, she has taken groups of students on these trips abroad.

Although her first love is teaching, Miss Munsterberg finds time to do some painting and has had several one-man art shows with the Copley Society. During the war, she made some four hundred sketches of G.I.'s in hospitals and U.S.O.'s. Her talents do not end there by any means, for she joined her family's literary ranks in writing the history of art for an encyclopedia collection. This love of the language finds expression in the poetry she writes.

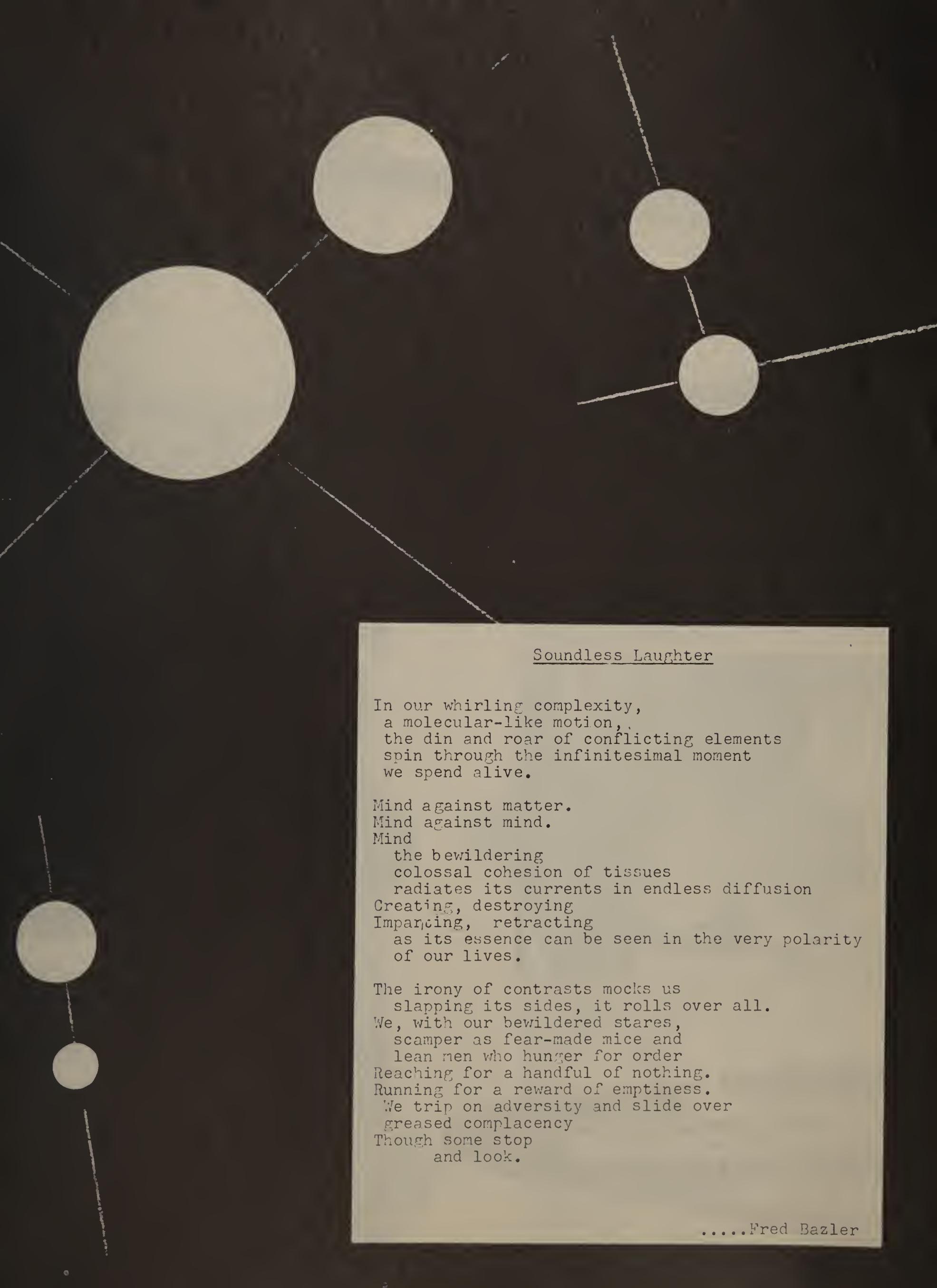
In nineteen forty-four Miss Munsterberg instituted weekly teas at her home for those who wished to come, thus putting herself even more personally into her work and the lives of her pupils. At last she could not accommodate all the students. A few years ago the Coffee Club became her answer to this desire to know her pupils better and to entertain them in the privacy of her home.

Miss Munsterberg is active in religious and community life also. Among the many executive positions she has filled are committee chairman for the business, art and professional clubs, and chairman of the International Relations Club. She has lectured to numerous churches, clubs, and educational groups.

Despite all this outpouring of energy, she does not neglect her hobbies; she loves to cook as those of us who have sampled the results of these culinary efforts well know. She often walks from her Marlborough Street home to the school, stopping at Kenmore Square for coffee. Always one of the earliest to arrive at school, she is seen here usually around eight-fifteen. Miss Munsterberg's love of objets d'art is shown in her exquisite jewelry collection which distinguishes her appearance at all times.

Her museum excursions are always a great treat to her classes, for she is the best of guides.

Although she is not a graduate of Mass. Art, she has served on the alumnae board here. This is the way to live life. And this is the Munsterberg philosophy.



Soundless Laughter

In our whirling complexity,
a molecular-like motion,
the din and roar of conflicting elements
spin through the infinitesimal moment
we spend alive.

Mind against matter.
Mind against mind.
Mind
 the bewildering
 colossal cohesion of tissues
 radiates its currents in endless diffusion
Creating, destroying
Impairing, retracting
 as its essence can be seen in the very polarity
 of our lives.

The irony of contrasts mocks us
 slapping its sides, it rolls over all.
We, with our bewildered stares,
 scamper as fear-made mice and
 lean men who hunger for order
Reaching for a handful of nothing.
Running for a reward of emptiness.
 We trip on adversity and slide over
 greased complacency
Though some stop
 and look.

.....Fred Bazler

SENIOR DESIGN

1956

left to right

Frances Hobson

Mr. Thompson

Lois Gans

Anne Collins



John Marshall

Charles Forrester

Richard Gillis



Richard MacLean

Joseph Almeida

Stephen Femino

Edward Zides





Gerald Kaufman

Ann Jacobs

Grace Furfari



anding

Robert Sullivan

Mr. Gibson

John Erickson

Richard Blaisdell

kneeling

Robert James

Arthur Eilertson

James Lozouski

Marcia Berntson

Alleson Harrower

William Hannon



Mary Faulds

Joan Podbielski

Lily Chin

Kathryn Grigsby





senior
fashion



56



Senior 1a



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from the members and
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MR. BUTLER

the TICKING OF ETERNITY

Silence is a quiet quiet drone tone
Silence could be a quiet quiet Silence
should be a time when nothing is.
Silence is when the tick stops ticking and the
heart stops its pounding and the faucet stops its
dripping and the horns stop sounding and the lion
stops roaring and the thunder stops crashing
and the Cymbals stop! that's what silence is
but never is because
Eternity ticks on forever.

Hear the city rumble from a hurry honk day
into the never sleep hum hush siren night.
Hear the splash crash water slide in to break the
thirsty gritty sandy dandies beach.
Listen to the trees flirting green leaves to
the kissing wind. Listen to the crow painting
clouds black crying Cawww Cawww!

Listen for the rain dropping in drops that
splash or splash or slide. dropping in drops
drops staccato drops. cleaning streaming pooling
Splash biting driving bullet rain or piddle paddle
shower rain is for listening,

Listen for silence. Silent silent silence.
Listen now before it is after Listen before a
happen happens and once more it is too late
Listen quick before the drum of time beats you
away and I am left to listen alone.
Listen for silence and hear instead the drone tone
of Eternity drumming pounding on into Infinity.

Stop
listening for silence that never is and hear
your head talk
Hear it tell you what you should or would
or did not do and could and should and wish to do
and say and said. Should of said Why not said
and Sorry said. Going to say and will not way and
Listen to your head talk.

Hear the songs of music swing sing the
sweeping curves of hot brown saxophones into jiving
jazzing blusee atmosphere
Hear the songs of music swish away the strings of one
million violins away from one million little men
in black black suits on fourlegged guilded too small
hard chairs away from the fanning swinging baton
away from the two-dollar seats the one-fifty seats
away past the fifty-cent last row seats away
toward the place were smoke and fire and light go
when they are out. Away into that never ever land where
music goes when it is pushed by the next and the next
and the next note. Sit in the fifty-cent seat and
hear it again when you head talks.

Listen in yesterday's tomorrow Listen
in moments between the next and after the last
Listen for silence that never is and hear instead
the Ticking of Eternity

